



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**WE ON THE CYMBAL HAVE
HAD A BEAUTIFUL TIME
THIS PAST YEAR**

This is THE CYMBAL's birthday anniversary number, as well as its Christmas Gift number. We'll let the advertisers handle the Christmas gift emphasis. Here, in our editorial sanctum, we would like to indulge in expressed thought about our birthday.

We have had a swell time this past year. There has been no moment of it we have not enjoyed. Even in the very early months at the beginning of the year while we tried to pacify Mr. Abernethy's bank with one hand, throttle an advertiser with the other and gather items of general and specific information with a third, which we didn't have, but found it not difficult to borrow, we were happy. It is possible that now, with the Mr. A. bank not so difficult, the advertisers having acquired a high degree of intelligence, and the news being of that mob nature that we have to fight our way through it, the equanimity settling down upon us is not so exciting, albeit we get a trifle more sleep.

But we have prospered, as our physical report on another page will show, and our enthusiasm remains intact. We have endeavored to serve the community by producing a newspaper which, first, pleases us, and second, pleases our readers. If all we wanted to do was to please our readers we would have quit long ago; at that early point when we found this aim accomplished. But it's joy right here we're after; joy behind the scenes before the curtain lifts on each Friday morning. Without that we'd be sunk.

If you don't believe me, ask Lynda Sargent who, praise God, has her *Clanging Cymbals* in this issue once again; ask Libby Ley, who lies injured because she persisted in living up to *Carmel Capers*; ask Virginia Scardigli, the back of whose neck is a daily inspiration; ask Francis Lloyd, Porter Halsey, Jessie Joan Brown, Edith Frisbie—they'll tell you.

(I've left Dorothea out of this, because at times she says sleepily to me: "I wish you worked in a bank and had regular hours." And she lies in her teeth.) —W. K. B.

THIS POST OFFICE LOCATION RACKET IS GUSTING

That the United States government should lend itself to the post office location racket which is going on today in Carmel is a sad commentary on the desired dignity of statesmanship. Here we have the spectacle of one group of merchants in one section of town battling another group in another section of town over the coveted post office location and each raising money from property owners and store-keepers in the effort on one side to keep the present site and on the other to move it.

With the verified report this past week that E. H. Ewig was informed by a postal inspector that the Carmel Development Company had offered the government rent free, or at the rate of \$1 a month, for the post office its old site on Dolores street, frantic merchants on Ocean avenue, on the present route to the post office, started collecting funds to make it possible for Ewig, owner

(Continued on Page Two)

CHRISTMAS GIFTS NUMBER CARMEL CYMBAL

Vol. 7 • No. 24

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • DECEMBER 10, 1937

5 CENTS

Library Says It's Been Gypped Out of \$1,325.94 in Tax Money

MRS. SEARS HAS A FEW REMARKS TO MAKE ABOUT CURTIS REPORT

Comes Mrs. Millicent Sears, member of the board of directors of the Humane Society and its erstwhile secretary, with several definite things to say in rebuttal against the financial report of the society submitted to THE CYMBAL by Guy S. Curtis, humane society superintendent, and published by us last week.

She sees Africans in several woodpiles stacked here and there through the report. She admits it adds up and subtracts and balances nicely as to the figures it presents, but she sees a dearth of figures or, perhaps it would be better to say, she doesn't see a plethora of them.

For instance, points out Mrs. Sears, while Guy Curtis' report shows a cash balance as of January

(Continued on Page Eleven)

SEARCH FOR MRS. FLAVIN ABANDONED IN STORM

Search for the body of Mrs. Martin Flavin who, it is now considered certain, fell to her death in the sea below a cliff scarcely 100 yards from her Carmel Highlands home last Monday about noon, was halted yesterday by the storm which lashed the coast.

Since the finding last Monday of Mrs. Flavin's camera, set on a tripod a few feet from the edge of the cliff, and the discovery on Tuesday of a tennis shoe and short sock she is known to have been wearing, friends of the family and other volunteer searchers have combed the district and scanned the waters day and night.

Boats, airplanes and divers have searched the coves at Yankee Point to no avail.

SUNSET SCHOOL WILL PRESENT NATIVITY THURSDAY NIGHT

Once again the pupils of Sunset School present The Nativity for their parents and friends. The production this year, directed as formerly by Miss Madeline Curry, teacher of music in the school, will be given this coming Thursday evening in the Sunset Auditorium.

The story of the birth of Christ has been told and retold in prose and verse. Each generation of people recounts the tale in the language of its own making. Each presents its reaction to that historic episode in the light of its own culture and experience.

Sunset School will endeavor to re-create the atmosphere of simplicity, nobility, and purity characteristic of the traditional Christmas carols.

The prologue of the Nativity Play will be given forth in the form

of a two-part cantata, sung by the girls of the Eighth grade, who will be vested and carrying lighted candles.

The cantata is in six parts. The shepherds, surprised and somewhat troubled by the sight of the Star of Bethlehem, are pictured by a gentle pastoral movement. The second episode depicts the angel choirs coming to herald the birth of the infant Jesus. The Three Wise Men who followed the guiding star are the subject of the third part. The ensuing scene shows the coming of people, shepherds and Kings into the town of Bethlehem: in form, a stately choral. The manger, in fittingly reverent style, marks the awakening of the child Jesus. In Christmas Dawn, the strain swells to one of jubilation and brings the

(Continued on Page Twelve)

Cozzens Makes Long-Delayed Flood Report

County Surveyor H. F. Cozzens has made his long-awaited report to the Carmel city council on a plan for the relief of drainage conditions. In summary it provides for a storm drain line on First avenue, to cost \$1160; another on Fourth, to cost \$1163.50, and a third on Ocean avenue, \$1702.25. He recommends that the desired culvert at Fourth and San Antonio be done with the aid of the WPA.

The detailed report will be studied by the council and brought up for discussion at the next meeting.

In the meantime the open season for flood water complaints has arrived. At the council meeting Wed-

nesday night there were flood damage protests from Grace and Paul Flanders, Dora Hagemeyer Comstock, Mrs. Sophie Baldwin, Mrs. Anna Jones, Mrs. M. F. Grant and Willard W. Wheeler.

The complaints were referred to the street department for investigation.

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In response to the request of the Carmel Business Association that the city council earmark \$28,000 in the general fund for the permanent improvement of the Forest Theater, Mayor Everett Smith informed the citizens at the council meeting Wednesday night that the city will rebuild the Forest Theater if it is sure the public wants it done. THE CYMBAL suggests that those who wish the Forest Theater preserved and used, write their desire to the city council.

REQUESTS CITY REPAY FUNDS NOT PROPERLY ALLOCATED OVER PERIOD OF TEN YEARS

Carmel's public library has been gypped out of \$1,325.94 and the city of Carmel has done the gyping.

At a caucus of the council members, hurriedly called Monday evening, the council was advised of this deplorable fact by the library board, led by Kent Clark who would find such a thing and, finding it, have a Roman holiday.

Having been prepared for the devastating news by the caucus the council was not taken by surprise at Wednesday night's meeting, but the lobby was, and listened intently to Kent Clark's explanation of how it had come about and why the library should be re-imbursed.

It appears that the total sum of \$1,325.94 has been lost to the li-

brary over a period of about ten years, ending with January 1 of this year. The total is the sum of \$458.67 in unsecured personal property taxes and \$867.27 in delinquent tax collections. These sums represent the money that should have been allocated to the library over this ten-year period as its pro-rata of the taxes collected.

In other words, it appears that over these years small sums in personal property taxes had been turned over to the city clerk, and by her to the treasurer, and instead of dividing the amounts and allocating the money to the proper funds it had all gone into the general fund. As for delinquent tax payments, the failure to divide

(Continued on Page Fourteen)

POST OFFICE CONSIDERS FREE RENTAL OFFER IF IT MOVES BACK TO DOLORES STREET

Now Mr. James B. Farley and his post office department are considering moving the Carmel post office back to its old stand on Dolores street.

W. B. Mouser, postal inspector from San Francisco, was in town last week and received from Paul Prince of the Carmel Development Company verification of the offer made by the company some time ago that the post office could have the old site rent free.

Mouser so notified E. H. Ewig, owner of the building in which the post office is now housed, and to whom the government is paying \$40 a month rental on a year's lease.

Ewig told Mouser that it would have been only fair to give him the chance to offer a reduction in the present rental. He asked how much

notice the government would give him if it decided to move and was told 30 days. Ewig protested this as too short notice.

As a result of the reports of the possible move spreading throughout the business section this week, the merchants on Ocean avenue, between Dolores and Mission, have acquired an increasing attack of jitters while those on Dolores, between Ocean and Eighth, are experiencing increased blood pressure.

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Mr. and Mrs. Robinson Jeffers and their two sons, Garth and Donnan, are visiting Mabel Dodge Luhan at Taos on their way home from a long visit to Ireland.

+

Paul and Paula Dougherty left this week for Tucson, Arizona. They will be gone several months.

THERE IS NO SUBSTITUTE For Cymbal Circulation

- The net paid average of 541 in the Carmel area is still tops, numerically—and
- Not one bit of it was gained by magazine premiums.
- Not one bit of it was gained by offers of a chance on an automobile.
- Not one bit of it is the dowry of a dead newspaper.
- It is unadulterated CYMBAL circulation.
- It was gained by reader interest, and that alone.
- The CYMBAL is read from week to week and from beginning to end.
- The CYMBAL has what it takes to make a good, sound, effective advertising medium.
- The CYMBAL'S circulation books have always been open to inspection by advertisers.

There Is No Substitute **FOR CYMBAL CIRCULATION**

of the present location of the post office, to make a similar offer.

Of course, everybody with any sense knows that the Carmel Development Company cannot "give" the government quarters in the Dolores street building. It has to have a return on its investment. Where is that to come from if not from the actual tenants? Why, from the merchants and property owners on all sides of the location who will profit by the presence of the post office in their midst. So, the merchants and property owners guarantee to pay the Carmel Development Company enough money each month to bring a decent return on its investment. If the company can collect around \$150 a month from the merchants it gladly gives the post office rent free.

Where did the merchants on Dolores street learn this little trick? From the merchants on Ocean avenue. The post office was moved from Dolores street to its present location because M. J. Murphy, the owner of the property at that time, made a deal with the Ocean avenue merchants which provided that he collect enough from them to make it possible for him to give the government an enticing figure for actual post office rental. The Ocean avenue merchants and property owners have been paying ever since.

But they have not been paying enough for E. H. Ewig, the present owner of the Mission and Ocean avenue property, to reduce the government's rent less than \$40 a month.

So come the Dolores street merchants and offer rent free if the post office will return to Dolores street.

It's certainly a disgusting state of affairs. The interests of the public are not considered at all. The government sees a chance to save \$40 a month, or \$39 a month, so it lends itself to this racket.

Whether or not THE CYMBAL approves of the present location of the post office or whether it doesn't, has nothing to do with our opinion of this present state of affairs. The situation, as far as the government is concerned, is so near to being dishonorable that there is scarcely a line of demarcation.

If Jim Farley thinks this is a proper manipulation for his post office department to indulge in, his economic mentality is badly twisted.

WHAT ABOUT THIS CLAIM OF LIBRARY FOR BACK TAXES UNALLOCATED?

There is such a thing as legal right on which Kent Clark and the other members of the Harrison Memorial Library board of trustees are now standing, but there is also such a thing as illegal justice which the city council of Carmel should give a thought to.

The library board asks the city to snake out of its general fund the sum total of \$1325.94, found to have been unallocated to the library over a period of ten years and to which it was entitled under the division of tax receipts by the city.

We are assuming that the figures are correct and the matter of unallocation as discovered by auditors is a fact. We therefore admit without qualification that the library is legally entitled to the money.

So was Shylock. The point in that case rested on how much injury it would have done Antonio to have had to pay it. The same point exists here. If other departments of the city are to suffer because of this ten-year chronic error, if necessary and emergency improvements, facing every municipality, cannot be made if this money is taken out of the general fund—if, in other words, the city must

retrench in its expenditures in the public interest, then we say that Kent Clark and his library trustees should be given the opportunity of whistling for their money.

Let us put ourselves on record as regards the welfare of the public library. Crippling of it in any way would be to us a public loss. Its elimination would be a public calamity. If we had a million to bestow in public benefactions the library would head our list of beneficiaries.

But the Carmel public library faces no emergency at this time. No resident of Carmel will suffer in loss of education or in the sheer joy of reading, if the library doesn't get this \$1300. It does not frantically need it. There are, on the other hand, certain matters of public concern, to cite certain sporadic drainage problems, which need financial attention and need it desperately.

Looking at it another way. This money Kent Clark has discovered was not paid into the present city government for its spending. It was received and spent by previous councils. It must be assumed that generally it went for the public good; for the advancement of needed public works which are as much a part of community welfare as is the library. That it did not go into the fund to which it was designated, or should have been designated, is lamentable, but it was not, we must assume, tossed into the sea, nor did some agent of the government decamp with it over the Carmel hill.

As for the taxpayers who provided it and their say in the matter, we can readily believe that if they could all be summoned they would say that it was their idea and intention that the library should get a certain portion of what they paid in. We will assume that they paid it gladly, happily (not exactly a safe assumption if you know taxpayers) and spent many happy hours in the thought that the library was to get part of it. It is, then, due those taxpayers that the money should now go where it failed to go over those ten years.

But what about the taxpayers who have provided the present city council with its general fund? They have made their payments to the library fund. We will assume that they expect, happily, that the rest of their payments are to go for other things. That in many instances they are the same taxpayers is a point. That in many other instances they are not, is a point, too.

This comment is written because at the Wednesday night council meeting everybody present, council members and citizens alike, appeared to take it for granted that the library should be handed the \$1325 which it requested.

Legally, yes? But if such a withdrawal from the general fund will work a community hardship, no!

SHE HAS HER RADIO

Oh, Yes, we're sorry we neglected to tell you last week. Babe, the sunshine girl, has her radio now, thank you. There were several offers.

—W. K. B.

THE SESSINKS DECIDE LIFE MOVES TOO FAST DOWN THERE IN SOUTH

Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sessink, to whom we all bade fond adieux a few weeks ago, have finally discovered that when you are bitten by the Carmel bug you are bitten to stay. The two of them left here to go to Hollywood where Sessink was to sing with the Bach Chorus under Michel Penha. The first thing that got them was the tempo of the southern city. It may seem slow to some eastern folk, but Carmel is much slower, and Sessink was out of breath before he had driven a half dozen of the long Wilshire blocks. Then Mrs. Sessink came down with a cold (L.A. Chamber of Commerce, don't even look this way!), and when Sessink himself had to drive 56 miles to get to a rehearsal (28 each way and still in the city limits) that was the

limit. After just one week they decided to come back home again. It was just after they reached San Luis Obispo that Mrs. Sessink regained her health, quite miraculously, and both of them are smilingly unashamed to say that they are glad to be back. And we are glad to have them.

+ + +

Perhaps the very thing you want is contained in The Cymbal classified ads this week.

IT MEANS
SOMETHING
that

CARL'S SERVICE STATION

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from The Cymbal, May 11, 1927

Carmel Woman's Club is born
blown and ready to do battle.
Events Forum holds first
at Pine Inn, December 16.
new Manzanita Club on Dolores
street formally opens.
erry becomes editor
Carmel Pine Cone.
tation Fields acquires pedigreed
ough inspiration of Carmel
pany.
son Jeffers' new book, The
at Point Sur, is announced
ary publication.
nithers from over the
uped to a fare-thee-well
Carmel horseshoe club
membership 30 and up) with D.
ick) Nixon shooting high, as
Bliven of the New Republic
remarks that the CYMBAL is a

At least we like your
nerve, W. K.

Carmel Land Company

"J. K." is this ad worth two berries? ... Paul

"J. K." Turner no longer passes on our ads but if he did I would not have to ask him if this were worth the price.

Congratulations again "W.K."! We still like your nerve, and may your shadow never grow less. You have given us a paper that is essentially Carmel.

"SEE HATTON FIELDS"

Carmel Land Company

Paul Flanders

Ernest Schweninger

Mc DONALD DAIRY

SAN CARLOS NEAR OCEAN

Morning and ...
Evening Delivery

FULL LINE DAIRY PRODUCTS

Ices & Ice Cream
Delivered on Call

Telephone Gene at Carmel 700

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

As this is written, one of those sad occurrences which never fail to put the name of Carmel on the front pages of newspapers across the continent has occurred.

At a Thanksgiving party in 1936, a group of Carmel people sat down to dinner at the John Douglas Short home. One of us thought aloud:

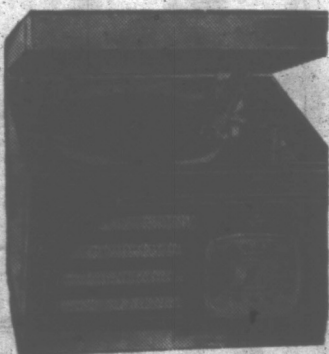
"I wonder how many of us will be here next Thanksgiving?"

Not that the Flavins were there at that time, but they were frequently to be met at the Short home during the following months, Martin with his fine mane, Sally with her joyous laughter, graceful Flavia of the dancing toes.

This year on Thanksgiving Day

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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CHRISTMAS
FOR THE
ENTIRE FAMILY**



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by Brahms

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★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

we were scattered, those who had been at the Short table so merry only a year before.

The Henry Meade Williamses were on a Connecticut farm. The John O'Sheas had wandered far and returned. The Shorts were departed for Woodside. Ella Winter was in New York working for Leslie White on a picture magazine. Frank Work was still about Monterey, trying to tie his imaginative soul to everyday labors. The Lloyds were in Watsonville, bound up in newspapers and the prospect of ranching.

Sally Flavin was tripping in and out, with laughter about her, full of excitement and the joy of living. There was warmth and friendliness and happiness, as of a dove.

I know she would enjoy having the good times spoken of now. All Carmel enjoyed such a time at her home on Yankee Point last June. Everybody, invited haphazardly, by the Flavins, by their friends, and friends of friends, flocked to the big grim house.

Today another page of Robinson Jeffers' Sur coast has fallen from the book. A gladsome spirit, gazing fondly over the billowed hills, dark with pines, fell in adoration.

This issue of THE CYMBAL marks the first anniversary of the renewed weekly, which has been known, if not for its successful literary efforts, at least fairly conscientious and wholehearted efforts. We, the varied constant contributors, have had a free hand under Editor W. K. Bassett, sending in our love letters with qualms that they may rock the nation or be thrown into the waste basket.

W.K.B. has been very good to us, and, I know he thinks, we have been very good to him. Well, it's because we get along with his type of genius. We know that he is at home here, a wandering bird, just as Perry Newberry, our old dean of Carmel scribblers.

Now is a fit time to recall THE CYMBAL of 11 years ago, when W.K.B. and Dorothea put out a really literary magazine in the shop behind Bert Heron's Seven Arts. Then there was literary material to burn, with Robinson Jeffers a contributor, and his *Roan Stallion* and *Tamar* just off the presses—and not selling well, as Heron can recall.

Part of that time, Brother Dave was Bassett's printers' devil. Next door, in an adolescent daze, I swept out the Seven Arts each morning, in the evening played escort to a charming girl at the Forest Theater, who is now, incidentally, a successful actress in New York and Hollywood.

Upstairs in the Seven Arts building were first one and then t'other of that bearded pair, Rem Remsen, of the red beard, and Clay Otto, of the black beard, who occupied the studio over Bernice Fraser's looms. (She's there still!)

And up and down Ocean avenue there were trotting in daily search of news bits, Janie Johnston, of "Janie Says," and Hilda Argo. They'd pass Carmel's only bank, with Barney Segal and Charlie Berkey smiling out at you. Down a bit was Court Arne, behind the barber pole, and Steve Glassell—Good, old Chileno Steve!

Stopping out to look over the thoroughfare from his candy store was Mr. Curtis, and Gus Englund marched by in khaki. Louis Slevin leaned out his door for a paper. In his window was that giant model of a gallant clipper ship.

Outside Mr. Basham's, about to become Whitney's, was Jimmy Doud, who had not yet acted in the "Hairy Ape." The fare then

was swell ice cream and such chocolate parfaits!

Lewis Josselyn came whizzing by. "Doc" Beck said "Howdy." On the horizon, blocks away, loomed the altitudinous Hestwood gentlemen, scenting afar friend Gawpy, the pelican who can...

Tom Reardon drove up in his Model T. Andrew Stewart tipped his hat. Did Greene or Harold Gates gave you gas at the service station, or were they cutting poison oak—that summer? Bob Leidig buzzed on some errand. Fred Leidig walked across San Carlos to the woodyard.

Teddy Kuster was directing



If...
YOU HAVEN'T BEEN
IN
Whitney's

YOU HAVEN'T DONE
CARMEL

In the heart of the village
... in more ways
than one

BREAKFAST • LUNCH
DINNER

Liquor... if
you like



"R.U.R." with Gladys Vander Roest. The Carmel Circus, with Bob Norton in a boxing exhibition with the kid from Salinas. John Jordan was mayor and he couldn't remember his lines from Shakespeare.

Here they come, all the once familiar faces: Some nameless; some figures without faces; some formless gestures or shuffles; some mere whimsies. What are their names?

The Christmas program for the Musical Arts Club tonight promises to be a lovely one. The members and their friends will meet at the Country Club at 8:15 and will hear selections by Franklin Young's Monterey High School Ensemble Orchestra, Edward Cadoret Hopkins' Cathedral Singers and solo work by Mrs. Kalmen Saper, Mrs. Edith Anderson and Mrs. Paul Hicks, sopranos, and Beverly McMenamin at the piano.

Down

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CARMEL 154 & MONTEREY 3191

CONGRATULATIONS TO THE CYMBAL ON ITS BIRTHDAY ANNIVERSARY

The Carmel Cymbal

ESTABLISHED MAY 11, 1926

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

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December 10, 1937

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Del Monte Hotel newstand,
McKay's Newstand, Monterey,
Grove Pharmacy, Pacific Grove,

CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CAR-
MEL CYMBAL for the past six
months:

June	677
July	809
August	760
September	717
October	730
November	732

The November average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CYM-
BAL of 541 in the Carmel area
(Carmel, Carmel Highlands and
Pebble Beach) is far in excess of
that of any other Carmel news-
paper.

WE OWE YOU MUCH, TOO,
FRANCIS LLOYD, SIR

Dear Dorothea and W.K.B.:

Congratulations upon the anni-
versary of your newspaper.

To be a contributor is an honor.
May I be able to find time in this
at present busy world to write for
you my weekly stint.

It may be nothing to you but it
is a great deal to me. It has started
wheels turning again, if you know
what I mean.

It has helped to overcome an old
wound, suffered by everyone who
has become touched with printer's
ink. Some get over it, the wound.
Those are made whole.

Thank you for the opportunity
to write a piece once a week, I hope
52 times a year, which you have
given me.

Salud!

Yours sincerely and affectionately,

Dec. 7, 1937 FRANCIS LLOYD

Remo Scardigli drove to San
Francisco with Connie Bell and her
mother, Mrs. F. W. Clampett, on
Wednesday and expects to be gone
about a week leaving his Frau in
the care of Joe Louis and John
Steinbeck Junior.

Personalities & Personals

Word comes from San Francisco
that Peggy Mays is doing well af-
ter her operation.

Andrew Sessink will sing part of
the tenor solos in Handel's *Messiah*
to be given at the First Presbyterian
Church in Salinas this Sunday af-
ternoon at 5 o'clock. The chorus is
under the direction of Mrs. Hazel
Bob Hohberger.

Marion Hollins is reported re-
covering from the cuts and bruises
she received in an automobile acci-
dent near Watsonville recently.
Miss Hollins, well known in golf
circles around the Peninsula and
former champion, is in her home at
Santa Cruz.

Mrs. Louis Vidoroni and Mrs.
John E. Abernethy were joint hos-
tesses at a cocktail party last week
at the Abernethy home on San An-
tonio. A Hawaiian motif was car-
ried out with music and entertain-
ment.

Mrs. Manson Adams and Mrs.
Harold Kellogg of Berkeley, sis-
ters of Miss Edith Frisbie of THE
CYMBAL, were week-end guests in
Carmel the last week-end. They
accompanied Mrs. F. H. Clark, and
her daughter, Marion, who came
down to view the progress on the
house they are building on Carmel
Point.

Argyll Campbell had a birthday
last week, it belatedly comes to us.
He says he was 40 years old. We
believe that. He undoubtedly was,
and is. Argyll explains by saying
that he intends never to be more
than 40. He says it was an agree-
ment he made with himself when he
was a boy. From now on, year
after year, he will remain 40.

Rhoda Johnson will take the roy-
al Johnson station-wagon up to
Berkeley this week-end to pick up
Patty Johnson Trevvett and bring
her back to Carmel for a fortnight.
Rhoda plans to make the trip in
two hops and the station-wagon will
park in the Gail Borden Johnson
driveway in San Mateo over one
night.

SAIDEE VAN BROWER MAKES NO AUDIT ANSWER; CITY ATTORNEY TO REPORT

Saidee Van Brower, city clerk,
explained to THE CYMBAL Wed-
nesday night after the council meet-
ing that she had made no answer to
the Shaff audit because she had
been requested by the city attorney
not to do so.

City Attorney Billy Hudson ex-
plained to THE CYMBAL that he
has been requested by the council
to make a recommendation in the
matter and that he was not pre-
pared at this meeting to make it.
He will submit his opinion at the
next meeting.

OOP! COUNCIL GIVES \$50 TO LIGHT THREE XMAS TREES

The council played a dirty trick
on the Carmel Business Association
Wednesday night.

The business men—and women
—were in the council chamber.
They were primed. They remem-
bered the battle of last year, when
Mrs. McGrury won by blood and
the right of might an appropriation
from the city of \$50 to light two
Christmas trees. They had been
told, as THE CYMBAL was told,
that it was hardly possible the coun-
cil would give them a nickel this
year.

Oratory was ready. It was turn-
ed on. Mrs. McGrury almost told
the story of the birth of Christiani-
ty. Hallie Samson had the "not
commercial" stop out and held it
valiantly. Our friend La Frenz
hummed up in a stirring appeal.

He was stopped in the middle of
it.

Joe Burge twisted slowly about
in his chair and faced the Der Ling
merchant across the lobby rail.

"What makes you think we are
not going to give it to you?" he
asked.

La Frenz gulped, but got his
voice back with surprising speed.

"I didn't say you wouldn't," he
said. "I merely asked you to."

Someone on the council thereup-
on moved that \$50 be appropriated
and that the business association
pick their own three trees.

It was passed unanimously.

CHURCH AUXILIARY HAS CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Women's Auxiliary of the
Carmel Community Church held
its annual Christmas luncheon par-
ty this week at the Parish House.
The members gathered around a big
tree and exchanged gifts and heard
a Christmas program of songs and
readings. Selections from Henry
Van Dyke's *The Other Wise Man*

were read, and Mrs. Kalmen Sapero
sang two songs, one of them an
original composition by Mrs. Bee
Bradley entitled *To a Song*. Mrs.
Bradley accompanied at the piano.
Elizabeth Armstrong read a Christ-
mas poem and Mrs. Vivé Harber

played a medley of carols. The
program was arranged by Mrs.
Charlotte E. Morgan and Mrs.
Alice Askew. Mrs. John Albee,
secretary, announced that the
Church Bazaar which was held last
Saturday was quite successful.

5-10-15¢
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OVER
49¢

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treasure
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ideas at
Sprouse-
Reitz
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Shopping Days
Until Christmas



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right prices... to give you big varieties of merchandise for
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from courteous clerks and a friendly manager... is our
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GIFTS for HER —

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sizes and colors 49¢
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shades... 29¢
Pair 29¢
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Gay colors 25¢

DECORATIONS— for the Tree...

SILVER BELLS—
1½" size, 5 for 5¢
ORNAMENTS—Asst.
shapes and colors... 2 for 5¢
Silver icicles, lg. pkg. 5¢
Fancy Light Bulbs,
2 for 5¢

GIFTS for HIM —

NECKTIES—Lined, good qual-
ity, new colors. 15¢
Each 15¢
WALLETS—With zip-
per. Good quality. 49¢
HOSE—Rayon, newest
patterns 15¢

WRAPPINGS— for the Gifts...

(20x30") 24 sheets, 10¢
(20x30") Folded 5", 10¢
Wide Assortment
Tags and Seals 5¢
Gift Boxes 5¢ to 25¢
String, 90 feet 5¢

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MERLE'S TREASURE CHEST

Seven Arts Building

ON LINCOLN STREET ONE DOOR FROM OCEAN AVENUE

CLANGING CYMBALS

OF MARY AND THE ROAN STALLION AGAIN



Perhaps you will remember my Mary, who washes the sinkful of dishes on Saturday morning. Good old Mary, I say of her, though she is not much older than I and there are days when springtime blossoms in her broad brown face and she is beautiful again. When she is bending over my dishes, standing over the sink, she fills the door so that I, though small, can barely squeeze through. And wielding the floor mop, she presents a rump that rivals for solidity and periphery that of the small stallion about which I am going to write.

But I call first to your minds—in case you did not read THE CYMBAL of March 12 last—that Mary is the half-Indian girl, California, around whose life and character Jeffers wrote Roan Stallion. It was she whose little mare, bearing her and the gifts for her children home from Monterey to the shack on the Palo Corona one Christmas Eve, foundered in the torrential waters of Granite Canyon. It was Mary, herself, who, standing neck-deep in the roaring creek after dark, managed to cut loose the pack from the mare's back with the jackknife she had bought little Charlie for Christmas; to secure the heavy pack to her own stout shoulders; to coax with soft words the panicked horse so that she got safely up the treacherous gorge and the children woke to a merry Christmas.

Mary has no idea that this episode in her wonderful life in the mountains provided material for the introductory half of a great poem. Literature is not one of Mary's griefs. Her endorsement on a check is honored for the good reason that it is an unanswerable challenge to forgery. Mary told me the story in its simple telling detail one evening, just as it happened to her. I think, but I am not certain, that Jeffers got it from Fred Bechdolt, for whose family Mary has also washed dishes. When she told it to me I remember asking her, a little fearful of the answer, if she owned a stallion at the time. But she said No, they had only Rita, the horse she was riding, and a buckskin. I did not then press the matter. With Mary, things will out in their due course.

Chronologically, the following events came long before the night ride from Monterey. Mary's father worked for Old Man Sargent on what is now the Moore Ranch and it was along the ridges there, overlooking the sea on one side and the Tassajara bowl on the other, that the child, Mary, and Boola, the stallion, ranged the world.

I am finishing my coffee before the fire. A shuffling footfall, which I know very well, is heard on the back porch. Through the timidly opened door a startling bunch of purple geraniums and pinks is suddenly thrust. By this I know that Mary is suffering some vast wretchedness with which she is unable to cope alone, yet which she is a little ashamed to come to me about. Also, I know that she wants money. Well, a dollar if you've got it. No matter. Whatever you got. Fifty cents. Maybe two bits, I dun know. But if you ain't got it, is no difference.

The big brown face that follows

the geraniums is full with dole. So all tucked up with grief that it is inevitable to believe for a split second—as well as I know Mary—that perhaps some foul beast, ranging the forest of Junipero street, has mangled all her children at a fell swoop. The tear ducts, those marvels of artesian depth that spring up at will to pamper the lush gardens of her griefs, are in full flood. She is at her best.

Before me on the rug she plants her robust loins akimbo and thrusts the flowers under my nose.

"Isabel, he pick 'em." (Isabel, aged five, rates a negotiable milk bottle for a bouquet.)

"What's the matter, Mary?" I ask tenderly, for Mary's sorrows are fragile plants, wont to wither at the crass touch.

"Awhkh. If ain't wan thing, it's awther."

"I know. That's Life, Mary. Sit down and have a cigarette. How about a little glass of wine? Now. Tell me."

"Awhkh. It's that old feller again. He get mad and say he beat me up. He say I have awther feller. Huh! I guess awther feller. He drunk. Drunk. Drunk. Alla time drunk and other womans. Awhkh."

For a minute she rocks violently. But the tears, falling into wine, work a miracle and I wait the transmutation, sighing loudly on her behalf.

"That feller, he think he can boss me. Well, he no boss me no more. Yessir, that feller no boss me no more."

The vehemence of this brings up an ancient fear that Mary has at last conked down on "that feller" in some truly heroic but legally impracticable manner. You simply cannot imagine the suspense effects Mary can obtain. I say weakly, "That's right. Don't you let any man boss you, Mary." Which is an office of pure inanity. You can't boss an element.

"Nossir. Nobody my boss." Mary hesitates. "Well. Maybe wan Mans. He my Boss Man. He whip me some time a little. Maybe I drink a little wine maybe. I don't do nothin' bad much but He whip me a little some time. But I no get whip no more by mans with pants on."

This profundity is lengthened and broadened and deepened by the moat of silence with which we fitly surround it. There has come a spell over the room. There she sits, wide as my widest chair, smoking a cigarette with all the dignity of a ceremony in the councils, the Sits-Beside-Him-Woman of her race. Strong firelight plays on her face but has no power to penetrate her black eyes. She is all savage now, touched with her old grief, the man-grief.

"Huh. Sometime I take a switch to that feller. Sometime I wave a switch and he dance, just like my little horse. He get up on his hind legs and he dance."

So we are on solid ground now. The wine has worked backwards and Mary is the Indian girl on the glaring peak of Mescal Ridge, not yet fallen on the evil days of philosophy.

"Which horse, Mary?"

"This is Boola, my little stallion. I learn him this trick. I take a willow switch, no more like this long, and all I do I wave this switch under his nose and Boola he get up on his hind feet and dance round and round. I like to go that. I no hurt him, you understand. Just wave this switch gentleslow."

"What color of horse?" I ask,

breathless.

"Oh, no color special. Kind of mixup horse. Maybe little sorrel, little dirty white. But he was pretty horse, too. My father he give him to me when he's born. I take all care of Boola. Pretty soon I can go Carmel on him for bring grocer home. I get wine for old man, too. That little horse, he know more as me or you. Some day he come stick his head in my window when the sun he come up. 'You lazy girl,' he say. 'You come get up out and go with me.' So he go sideways by the window and I go out naked and we run in the hills. He is pretty wild, too. Huh. We have good time then. That thing is pretty on the mountain then. When the sun is up a little more it come sudden down on the water. Boola, he see the sun down on the water and he go wild. So I hang on and we run up the hills. Oh, we have very good time, Boola and me."

"That little horse, he know too much. Sometime the old man, he get mad at us kids. He want to beat us up. Drunk he is. Wan day, Boola, he hear old man coming and he think, Old Man beat us up. So he go under bush with me on top. He go on knees, very careful of me so not to scratch. He stay still a long time. Wance he turn around his head and look at me and laugh. He is fine little horse."

There is a chuckle and silence.

"Wan day we go out in hills and when we come home is pretty dark. Is just little light in trees. Boola he is tired so I lead him. All of a sudden he is stop and I feel he is tremble all over and he make the ugly noise in the throat. He is very afraid. Then I am afraid, too. I look all round and then I see something move in the tree just where we are going under. It is long tail. It go back and forth, slow like this. Boola and me we do not like mountain lion very well. We like him damn bad."

Mary stops short and takes a long sip of wine.

"What happened?"

"I go up very quiet on Boola's back and we turn around and go home awther way. Yes, he was fine little horse, that Boola."

"What became of him?" I ask, seeing the need of prompting.

"Awhkh. That womans from Pebble Bitch. She want to buy my horse. She see him wan day get up on his hind legs and go around and she want to buy him."

"You sold him?"

"Why I sell my horse? How I get down Carmel for grocer? She say she give me hunnerd dollar. But I say, why I sell Boola? He is good horse for me. So she say she give me a hunnerd fifty. She say I buy two awther horse with that. Why I want two awther horse. How I get for grocer?, I ask her that."

"Then you didn't sell him?"

"Why I sell my horse?" Mary asks simply.

"That's right," I murmur, my whole soul drenched with relief. "Then what did become of him?"

"Awhkh. That old Mex womans my father had. She got him. I was go down help Mrs. Hoag wan day and my father he die and that old womans sold my horse. She sell him old Joe, this artichoke feller over by Carmel River. I know. I run down there. Let him work hard for him to get back my horse, but he is not there any more. He is run away."

"Did you find him? Did he come home?"

"No, he no come home no more. Sure, we find him. Next day we find him down in mud by Carmel

River. He is in mud all night. Just his head sticks out. I get my gun quick. I shoot him."

"Awhkh. If ain't wan thing it's awther. Johnnie, he got toothache. You think you let me have two bits maybe? Maybe a dime. If you ain't got it, is no difference."

—LYNDA SARGENT

+++

Sidewalk To Art Gallery Is Assured

Frederic Burt of the Carmel Art Association appeared before the council Wednesday night and asked what procedure should be resorted to in order that a sidewalk of some sort be built along Dolores street from Ocean avenue to

the Carmel Art Gallery between Fifth and Sixth. He was told that the request of the property owners was all that was necessary. He went forth cheered and there is every indication, as evidenced by other remarks in the lobby, that this hurdle can be jumped. We will probably soon have a sidewalk to the Art Gallery. Certainly it is about time.

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COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

I suggested pie when you want a hearty dessert. Let me be even more specific. Let me suggest "New England" pies, made by the California Pie Company of Watsonville! They're quite worthy the name—generously thick, with really delicious fillings, and flaky crust well done underneath as well as around the edges. In fact, they're so big that one pie is too much for even four people for one dessert, and while almost no pie in the world is quite as good the second day, these pies have unusually satisfactory keeping qualities. The lemon pie is creamy and delicately flavored, the apple pie juicy and spicy. Fresh pies come over every day from Watsonville, of course, and while you can buy them whole only in Decker's and Kips', they are served on the menus of all four dairies here—the Carmel, Walt's, McDonald's and Del Monte. Next time you want good pie remember New England!

From the husband of one of the nieces of that admirable Uncle Lorenzo who caused oranges and peanuts to loom large among the memories of my New England childhood, comes the following welcome letter:

Constant Eater: "Coasters,—east or west—torn from their native haunts and set down out of striking distance of the sea, never fully overcome the nostalgia that memories of salt marshes, open beaches, restless motion of wind and water, conjure up. The thought of 'Squan Beach—for I am not of Plum Island and vintage—leads always to the subject of oysters. I wonder if you of the West Coast ever indulge in broiled oysters over a beach fire of drift wood. You watch the shifting colors and lights of the flames until only glowing embers are left in the hot sand. Then hurriedly a grating of coarse meshed wire is thrown in place and the oysters put on top with flat shells uppermost. Close to the fire is a pitcher with butter melting, another pitcher with vinegar and of course pepper and salt. (You see the faint trend towards French Dressing in these ingredients—the actual phrase, had we ever heard it, would have meant something naughty to us). Each person is now armed with a pair of pliers or short tongs, a fork and small bowl. Into the bowl goes hot butter, salt, pepper, and enough vinegar for tang. As the upper shells of the oysters pop open, the tongs come into use, the shell is pried off, the oyster is immersed in the bowl—that was Oyster Party on 'Squan Beach!—

And answer came there none,
And that was scarcely odd, because

They'd eaten every one!

In Ohio we can sigh for an Oyster Party but we can eat Oyster Stew. This is a good half hour's job with constant attention on the part of this constant eater. A half inch cube of clear fat salt pork is sliced wafer thin and tried out in the stew pan—it should yield about a teaspoonful of liquid fat. Remove the pork scraps and to the fat add a teaspoon of butter. When it is smoking hot sprinkle in enough paprika to thoroughly redden. Add a thinly sliced onion about the size of a hickory nut, and sauté a light brown. Add a pint of oysters in their juice. (If they are "dry" add 3 or 4 tablespoons of water.) Turn the flame to a low heat and heat

slowly the contents of the pan, while constantly shaking it about. They mustn't boil or even simmer beyond an occasional bubble. A little time, a little patience and the oysters will plump up and the edges get curly. Then add three cups of cold milk, salt to taste (about a quarter teaspoon), a dash of pepper and heat the whole very slowly while stirring every moment. Serve in deep bowls with bread that has been buttered and browned under the broiler. This is sufficient for two hungry people, six anemics, or sixteen on a Hollywood diet. It is called the Golden Stew because of the crinkly skin that forms over the top as it is poured into the bowls.

Let me know if you are ever tempted by sweetbreads and I can scare up a recipe that throws 'em for a loss every time.

Bedford, Ohio.

The Chef—Also the S.M.M. of this family!

Thanks a lot, Jim! You've certainly made my mouth water. If you know any other recipes as good as this, shoot 'em along, they'll always be welcome.

—CONSTANT EATER

NOTE FOR CONSTANT EATER:

In one of the Pep Creamery places in Salinas I noted a sign which should be some consolation when the subject of male versus female cooks comes up again. The sign read: "Our pies are made by a woman in our kitchen." Do you suppose they have her chained to the mixing bowl?

—AN ADMIRER

MICHAEL RICKETTS NOW HAS A LITTLE "SIZZER"

There is no denying the fact—Gene Ricketts, the guy who runs the McDonald Dairy, is guilty of unfair competition. Other dairies have milk and cream and butter and eggs and ice cream sodas and sandwiches and coffee, but Gene has Michael to boot. And Michael, we would have you know, is some person. It has been reported, and modestly denied by Gene, that his own bachelor path was strewn with scorned women. If Michael, now two, retains any sort of an atom of the attraction he now has in his eyes and in his personality, it's going to be just too bad for the designing sex.

All of which brings us, or was intended to bring us, to the fact that over last week-end Michael's eyes lost some of their sparkle and instead glowed with wonder and longing. His mother disappeared. An effort was made to explain her absence to Michael. Michael got it this way: "Mother is gone to find me a sizzer."

Mother did find him a "sizzer." She found her at the Peninsula Community Hospital last Saturday, just about noon. And "sizzer," according to latest reports, has been named Patricia.

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Play Group Will Have Section Study

At the Monday noon meeting of the Carmel Players directors it was decided to invite L. E. Wormley, head of the Monterey High School Evening School, to become a member of the board of directors. The official headquarters for the various workshop groups of the Players' organization is in the end room of Pine Inn. John Jordan has had a stage constructed in the room for the use of the different groups.

First meetings for the different sections, which were organized at the Tuesday general meeting, are taking place this week. The schedule includes acting expression and technique, Sunday, Thursday and Friday at 7:30 under Dan James; play writing and original manuscripts under Charlie Van Riper, Tuesday; costumes, Wednesday, under Eleanor Irwin, and Shakespeare reading Monday night under W. W. Wheeler.

After a short business meeting at which time it was announced that the Players now have more than 100 members, three short sketches were presented by members of the group. A call has been issued for plays for reading and Barbara Wood at the Carmel public library will have charge of the care and the checking in and out of the books.

+

Pal Suffers Near Fatal Accident

One of Carmel's most picturesque and lovable citizens experienced what came frightfully close to being a fatal accident Tuesday evening when the end of a rope some children had tied on his collar was caught in the door of an automobile and Pal was dragged through Carmel streets for several blocks.

Late yesterday afternoon THE CYMBAL telephoned to Dr. D. C. Graham, veterinary on the Castroville Road, to whom Pal was taken by Bill Machado, and was told that while the dog is pitifully hurt, the pads on his feet almost scoured off and his legs and shoulder lacerated, he is doing as well as can be expected.

Machado was the unwitting cause of the injuries to Pal. When he stepped into his car Tuesday evening he did not see the dog, nor the rope caught in the rear door. He drove a distance of four blocks to Ocean avenue when at Dolores and Ocean, Maurice Grimshaw saw Pal dragging in the rear of the car. He shouted, but Machado did not hear. Policeman Earl Wermuth, called by Grimshaw, gave chase and stopped Machado at Monte Verde. Machado then lifted the bleeding Pal into his car and rushed him to Dr. Graham.

Play Golf!

...on the course overlooking Monterey Bay



PACIFIC GROVE
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BACH STATUE IS DANYSH PLAN FOR CARMEL

Statue of Bach for Carmel!

That is the Joe Danysh idea at the present. Joe is director of the federal art project for the Pacific Coast states.

He wants Carmel's Bach to be a Beniamino Bufano statue. You know Bufano. He did the buffalo on the nickel and the Sun Yat Sen in the Old St. Mary's park on California street in San Francisco.

Joe wants the statue to be the same size as the Sun Yat Sen, 21 feet high with a red granite head and arms. It should be of metal and stand on a concrete base.

What would be necessary to make it a reality is a subscription of \$600 or \$700 which would go only for materials. Joe and his federal workers would do the rest, even to the artistic services of Bufano. In other words, Carmel would get a \$10,000 or \$15,000 statue for \$700.



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THIS THING AND THAT

GOINGS ON IN CARMEL AS OF DECEMBER, 1926

Delos Curtis makes more than 225 candy canes by his own hand for Carmel children.

With the assistance of that man-about-town, Charles A. B. B. L. Van Riper, the Mason's First Annual Frolic becomes by and large one of the greatest riots ever staged here. They do, comments the editor of THE CYMBAL, many inexplicable things. Doc Staniford, for instance, sings.

Municipal tennis courts are merely a subject in the air.

Tentative plans are adopted for the Ralph Chandler Harrison Memorial Library.

Snik the Rat snoops metrically into everyone's business and is made invariably sick thereby.

Dene Denny plays concerts round and about—Berkeley League of Fine Arts; New Music Concert in Los Angeles, giving there the first American performance of Schoenberg's Opus 23.

The tribe of Hestwood prolifically produces knockout linoleum cuts to the honor and far-flung prestige of THE CYMBAL.

Steps are taken to turn Point Lobos into a public park.

Carmel Woman's Club is born full-blown and ready to do battle. Current Events Forum holds first meeting at Pine Inn, December 16. The new Manzanita Club on Dolores street formally opens.

Perry Newberry becomes editor of the Carmel Pine Cone.

Hatton Fields acquires pedigreed name through inspiration of Carmel Land Company.

Robinson Jeffers' new book, *The Women at Point Sur*, is announced for February publication.

Horseshoe pitchers from over the hill are walloped to a fare-thee-well by the Carmel horseshoe club (membership 30 and up) with D. E. (Nick) Nixon shooting high, as usual.

Bruce Bliven of the *New Republic* remarks that the CYMBAL is a "thoroughly good job."

Ye editor of THE CYMBAL laments the absence of any topic upon which to pour forth vials of wrath, life in Carmel being at the moment "too sweet and dull to furnish food for argument."

—EDITH FRISBIE

Bonhams Were Married 40 Years Ago

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Bonham, or former Mayor and Mrs. Bonham, last Saturday celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the day on which they stood up before the parson in Galesburg, Illinois.

"And since then we have moved only twice," said Mrs. Bonham to us while she bagged a pound or three of nails we had purchased. "We stayed in Galesburg about two years after we were married and then Ross went ahead of me to Twin Falls, Idaho, while I fulfilled a singing engagement in Chicago. When I joined Ross in Twin Falls I was the fifth woman to arrive in the new 'frontier' settlement. And the store we built up there was the second in size in the whole state."

The Bonhams arrived in Carmel in 1922 and—well, here they are.

Which reminds us that a good series of interviews for THE CYMBAL would be with some of our present human fixtures, determining from them how in fury they happened to come to this place.

+++

SCOUTMASTERS GATHER AT CHRISTMAS PARTY

Scoutmasters of the Monterey Bay Area Council of Boy Scouts had a Christmas party at the Mission Ranch Club Tuesday night. There were about 110 present and everything went off in a satisfactory Yuletide manner. There were scoutmasters there from all points between Santa Cruz and King City.

Wetzel, Imelman And Segal Talk To Legion

Ben Wetzel told them all about Germany under Hitler. Conrad Imelman recited a few incidents on his trip. Barney Segal said a few words about Paris.

This was at the meeting of the Carmel Post of the American Legion Monday night. The three travelers recently returned from their European trips, Wetzel having gone on his own while Segal and Imelman went on the Legion trip to Rome and Paris.

Wetzel told the Legionnaires that Germany is poor, but that the people actually have faith in Hitler and believe that he will pull them out.

Segal told how he and Conrad put several over on the Cook's Tours people. They didn't like the bunk the Cook's people put them into the first night in Paris and Barney raised a howl. The Cook's man said: "O.K. You fellows go out and get what suits you, and we'll pay the bill."

So Barney and Conrad hand in hand went forth on the Champs something or other and dropped in to the George V hotel. That suited them fine, but Barney didn't say how it suited the Cook's people when they got the bill. The Tour budget allowed for 65 francs a night. Barney said the George V bill was for 460 francs.

I. Shelburn Robison was elected adjutant of the post to take the place of Major Delaney who has departed these parts.

+++

What makes Friday the red-letter day in Carmel? Fish? No! The Cymbal.

SUZANNE BEAUDETTE IS BORN IN SAN FRANCISCO

A daughter was born to Mrs. Palmer T. Beaudette at the Stanford Hospital in San Francisco last Saturday night. "Mimi," as Mrs. Beaudette is affectionately known in Carmel, and her daughter are reported to be "doing nicely." The brand new little girl has been named Suzanne. The father of Suzanne is now president of Security Pictures Corporation of Carmel.

+++

SHELL OIL GIVES CARMEL CHILDREN PUNCH AND JUDY SHOW MONDAY

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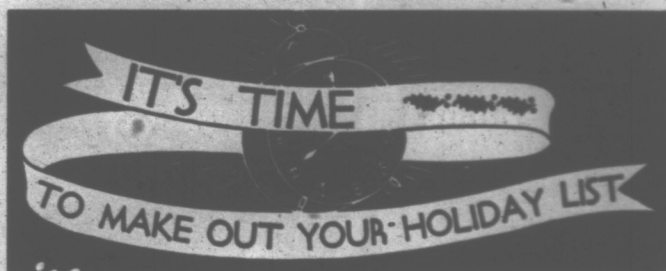
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Herewith Our Reasons For Liking Coast

"Take it away, 1938!" is the editorial bow of *The Coast*, a copy of which's initial issue lies on the desk before me. More than incidentally, as far as I am concerned, opposite the "take it away" editorial bow is a page graced by a portrait of one Lynda Sargent, taken on the rocks at one end or the other of Carmel beach. Beneath the cut is a line or two about Lynda who, it is easily perceived by scanning the new magazine, wrote the lead article on *The Coast Road*.

But pleasing me particularly there are in the lines about Lynda a few words about her connection with *THE CYMBAL*. It does not incense me that they are not exactly accurate, but I must apologize to Lynda for the remark that "The Cymbal discovered her." We positively did not discover Lynda. She discovered us, thank the green and gold gods, to the delight and impetus of our subscription list.

I haven't yet found the time properly to peruse the new *Coast* but on casual glance it looks interesting in content. I am a bit saddened by the evidence of the aping-*New Yorker* germ which seems to be prolific in all parts of the country where one or two are gathered together in the production of a weekly magazine. —W. K. B.

+ + +

Critic Praises Kuster's Play

In last week's issue of the *San Francisco News Letter* Ted Kuster and his production of "Winterset" in his San Francisco Golden Bough Theater get high praise. We take considerable pleasure in quoting a few paragraphs of it:

"Edward Kuster's Civic Repertory concluded a week's showing of Maxwell Anderson's 'Winterset' at the Golden Bough Theater Guild last Saturday.

"It was the only San Francisco production of the play that won the New York Drama Critics' Circle prize for the season 1935-36, the Broadway managers declining the risk of running a 'metered dialogue' play on the road, although it had achieved success in New York, to the surprise of the hard-boiled.

"Now that's quite a hunk for a Little Theater group like Kuster's to chew off. To their credit, they did an excellent production.

"The play was sometimes slow-footed and often wordy (windy, is a better term) but that was the fault of Maxwell Anderson rather than the Golden Boughers. Anderson burdened his characters with long sustained speeches and a great deal of soporific soliloquy—violating the tenets of Good Theater.

"But there were moments when the play fired to life and burned across the footlights into the audience, and those moments were noteworthy because it is a rare thing when a Little Theater production can overcome the handicaps of a small stage and a meagre budget and non-professional actors."

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Sensitive Musicianship of Serkin Completely Wins Carmel Audience

(*THE CYMBAL* is proud to present herewith a review of the Rudolf Serkin concert by Michel Maskewitz, critic for the Musical Courier.)

There is no doubt that Rudolf Serkin succeeded in completely winning his audience last Saturday night at the opening concert of the Carmel Music Society. This young Bohemian pianist, introduced to American audiences a couple of seasons ago by Arturo Toscanini, has already established himself in the East as one of the outstanding masters of the keyboard, and Carmel music lovers were indeed fortunate to hear this artist during his first tour of the Pacific Coast.

Possessor of a prodigious technique, Serkin never tries to astonish by mere virtuosity and it is by his sincere and sensitive musicianship that his performance should be judged.

Particularly noteworthy is the tremendous vitality and enthusiasm that characterizes everything he touches and this combined with a mature and highly developed musical intellect provided us with a singularly beautiful performance of the Beethoven (Waldstein) Sonata Op. 53.

There are those of us who might not approve of Mr. Serkin's conception of the Rondo, his contrasts were, I felt, rather extreme and as

a result tended to the over-dramatic.

The second movement, however, was treated with a warmth of feeling and a suave beauty of tone and expression that more than satisfied the most critical. Altogether an unusually satisfying performance.

The Handel-Brahms variations and fugue demonstrated the superior technique of this artist. In his playing one felt the extraordinary delight in tone color and the fugue was played with clarity and great bravura.

Mendelssohn's once-hackneyed "Rondo Capriccioso" sprang to new life. Some of the older members of the audience may have remembered many painful hours spent in pursuit of this capricious rondo, but for Mr. Serkin it became a thing of romantic fancy.

A group of Chopin Etudes followed by the dramatic Polonaise in F. Minor concluded the program. As an encore Mr. Serkin played the rarely-heard Paganini-Liszt variations. For glittering virtuosity this proved the high light of the evening and sent an enthused audience home completely satisfied. To conclude, Rudolf Serkin has magnificent ability, he has youthful vigor in plenty, his finger work is crystal clear, and that in itself stamps the exceptional player.

—MICHEL MASKIEWITZ

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Starting this year with very few veterans from last year, the Sunset teams have shown very good prospects in their two games this far. The following boys have seen action in the games with Bayview and Pacific Grove which have been held this season: K. Jones, G. Miyamoto, D. Pelton, B. Bardarson, B. Bowen, A. Cobbe, J. Mayes, B. Morton, J. Kelsey, J. Todd with the Lightweights: and D. Morton, J. Leidig, P. Thatcher, H. Levinson, D. Whitmer, and A. Woo with the Heavyweights. G. Miyamoto and K. Jones have led the Sunset lightweights in scoring, with D. Morton and P. Thatcher leading the heavyweights.

+

An elimination tennis tournament is being conducted by the seventh and eighth grade boys and girls of Sunset School. 26 children are beginning the matches. All matches should be played before Christmas. Players include the tennis class members who have been practicing under Mrs. Ruth Perry's direction on Tuesdays and Thurs-

days, and others in the school. At the conclusion of this tournament, the best players will have a ladder tournament to place them as first, second, and third in rank.

The following players have signed for the tournament: Dorothy De Amaral, Bob Gansel, Jimmy Kelsey, Jane Elizabeth Clark, Adrienne Applegarth, Leona Ramsey, Edith Cox, Virginia McLean, Tracy Winslow, Bill Morrison, Gordon Stoddard, Alexander Allan, Beverly Douglas, Frances Passailaigue, Donald Morton, Patty Morrison, Eleanor Johnston, Arthur Jones, Li-la Whitaker, Eade Jordan, Bill McDermaid, Dorothy Ottmar, Juanita Baca, Jim Welsh, Charlotte Townsend, and Hugh Gottfried.

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DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Reminiscent of the forlorn urchin looking in the pastry shop window was the hungry-looking little black and white puppy who sat squarely in the middle of the doorway of the garage where the P.T.A. was having the Food Sale last week. Every few minutes he would look longingly at the tables of goodness as his little black nose wriggled at the delicious, tantalizing odors. It made one hungry just to look at him.

"Safety First" is evidently Buddy Kelsey's motto. The other day Buddy had a large bundle that he was carrying home. The bundle was just about as big as Buddy and as he carried it in his mouth it stuck out so far on either side that he couldn't see in front of him. When Buddy came to the street crossing he stopped and very carefully put the bundle on the sidewalk, stepped to the curb and looked up and down. When he saw that no cars were coming, he picked up his bundle and trotted across the street.

Timmy Myercort is as proud as a little boy who has just had his first tooth pulled—for he has had on operation. A very minor one, to be sure, but an operation just the same. He proudly displays the lovely patch bandage on his side. Timmy says he hopes he will have a swell scar, because there is nothing like a swell scar to make a fellow look interesting.

The original sit-down striker must be Rags Townsend, because she has lain in the same spot every day for so long that the spot is no longer a spot, but a well-worn hole.

Her devotion to her family, the Frank Townsends, is just as great as her love of leisure. The other day Rags followed the Townsend car to the service garage and sat out in front waiting for the car to come out. But the car went out the back entrance and poor Rags waited all night, until her master came back and found her.

Poochie Deetjen is as pleased as Punch because his pretty little wife, Sis, is expecting several little bundles from heaven in the very near future. Poochie's friends will be happy to learn the good news because his previous matrimonial adventures have been dismal failures. Poochie's first wife died and his second wife proved to be fickle. But Sis seems to possess all the wifely virtues and Poochie will soon realize his fondest dream—that of being a proud father.

Lovely little Tootsie Roos was glimpsed window-shopping in the village with her mistress, Mrs. Leon Roos. Tootsie, who looks like a delicately browned meringue pouf, is a Pomeranian and a frequent visitor here.

P. S. Mme. Baby Boston, who dropped in Daisy Bosticks' from nowhere, has found a home with Ida Hanke.

On the collar of Tiger, Mrs. Dingley's Lap-Dog: Pray steal me not; I'm Mrs. Dingley's. Whose heart in this four-footed thing lies.

—JONATHAN SWIFT

Virginia Burton Writes Fascinating "Choo Choo" Book For Children

If all the little boys who were quite sure they wanted to be engineers when they grew up had become engineers when they grew up—I suppose all our beautiful highways would have been railroads instead, and where would Ford and Chrysler and the rest have been then? Well, fortunately, the exciting ambition to control the throttle of the Twentieth Century Limited is most intense in early childhood, as most mothers have found out. Later, of course, this usually turns into a passion for the miniature electric train which then invades the home with the full cooperation of the paternal parent.

Now, Virginia Lee Burton, who grew up in Carmel and used to make some fine linoleum cuts for the old CYMBAL, went East, got married and became the mother of a little would-be engineer. She found, as all us mothers of male offspring discover, that one of the inescapable privileges of a mother is to respond to an endless demand for a story about an engine. It is always the same engine but an engine that is not static in its existence, an engine with the spirit of adventure tucked under its boiler

and proclaiming its contempt for a humdrum life in every shrill blast of its steam whistle. Day after day, to a never-tiring audience, must the mothers of this fair land rack their brains for variations on the engine saga. All these mothers will seize eagerly upon the book which Jinny Burton has made for and with the help of her little son, Aris Demetrios—it is *Choo Choo, The Story of a Little Engine Who Ran Away* (Houghton, Mifflin Co.). Jinny's mother, Mrs. Carl Cherry, of Carmel, tells us that every time the story was told to Aris, he added some little idea or variation which thereafter had to be included in the future recitals of the tale. So that, really, in the end it is Aris's engine story. A story that will help out other mothers everywhere and if you haven't a would-be engineer of your very own, you can do a good deed by giving the book to somebody else's. The illustrations, of course, are all by Jinny and are full of the lively action and vivid humor which is so characteristic of her work and so particularly appropriate to the subject matter of this delightful volume. —D. C.

Community Church Hears Cathedral Singers Tonight

Edward C. Hopkins' Cathedral Singers will be an important part of the vocal celebration for the Christmas season on the Peninsula. The group is scheduled to appear on the program of the Musical Arts Club tonight, at the Carmel Community Church on Sunday, December 12, at 7:30 p.m. and on the same day at the Monterey Presbyterian Church Vesper Service at 4:45. December 26 the singers will be at the New Monterey Baptist Church at 7:30 p.m.

The program of the Cathedral Singers for the Sunday evening vesper service at the Carmel Community Church is one that should fill the hall with those who like to get their Christmas spirit through music. Under the direction of Edward C. Hopkins and with Mrs. Charles Walker at the piano, the group will sing five Bach chorales, two numbers by Mendelssohn, a group of favorite carols and the *Hallelujah Chorus* from Handel's *Messiah*. The program will open with the Grieg *Andante* and the Postlude will be Schubert's *Allergro*.

LYTTON HITCHCOCK NOT TO BE JUNIOR ENGINE DRIVER

Lytton Hitchcock, who has been on trial as the junior fire engine driver in the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department, has decided that he doesn't want the job permanently and will cease operations thereat on January 1. Bernard Rowntree, commissioner of fire and water, will at that time try out another one of the applicants for the job before he makes a recommendation to the council for the appointment of a permanent officer.

HERE ARE SOLOISTS FOR THE JANSON FOURTH FIRESIDE RECITAL

Soloists for Borghild Janson's fourth Fireside Recital to be broadcast over station KDON Thursday, December 16, from 9:15 to 9:45, include Andrew Sessink, Edith Anderson, Lily Walker, Nancy Gross, Dr. W. B. Williams, Annabelle Powell, Valona Brewer, Charles Frisbie and May Williams. The program will be made up of Christmas music and will include such favorites as Adams' *Holy Night*, the *Jesu Bambino* by Pietro von Yon and the Mozart *Hallelujah*.

MRS. HEFLING HAS EASTER LILY NOW ABLOOM

Mrs. Florence L. Hefling has an Easter Lily in bloom down at the Whatnot Shop on Lincoln and Seventh where she presides. We're not fooling you. The lily is blooming right now and the nicest thing about it is that it was in bloom for Mrs. Hefling's birthday which was December 3. We wonder if Mrs. Hefling might dedicate one of the two fragrant blossoms to THE CYMBAL because we had a birthday just one day later (December 4, in case you haven't read it already in this issue).

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Campbell Shows Burge Barks Up Wrong Tree

There isn't much, if anything, that Argyll Campbell doesn't know about municipal law and he has a quite definite method of proving it. As witness his arrival at THE CYM-BAL office last Friday afternoon.

He asked for the use of our telephone for a long distance call. He suggested that we listen to the conversation. He called the county assessor's office at Salinas. He informed the assessor that he was calling about a \$58 tax bill sent to the city of Carmel for the tennis courts property in Carmel Woods. He asked if it were not a fact that the city of Carmel could write to the assessor, informing him that the property was used for playground purposes, asking that the taxes thereon be cancelled as from the time the city received the deed, and if, in that case, the request would be granted by the board of supervisors. He was informed, without hesitation or delay that it would.

Then he turned to us with this statement:

"Now, for the first time since my resignation as city attorney, a member of the council has given a specific instance of what he calls 'things Argyll Campbell didn't do.' I am able to meet this one and I am ready for the others. Also, I assume that Mr. Burge, at error in this case, will apologize for his statement."

Having divested himself of this, he delivered into our hands the following short, short story:

THOSE CARMEL TENNIS COURTS

By ARGYLL CAMPBELL

Neither the Carmel Council nor any of its members, prior to the time they decided to "abolish" the office, asked the city attorney for an opinion regarding the taxability of the Carmel tennis court property in Carmel Woods. What they have done in this regard since that time—I wouldn't know.

Before my trip to Washington during last July, there was a discussion at a council meeting relative to the power of the city to enforce its ordinances on these lands, outside the city limits. I informed the council that they had the power to adopt and enforce such ordinances.

The general laws of the state (statutes of 1889, page 361) provide, in part, as follows:

"... Any incorporated city... in this state may acquire and hold land for the uses and purposes of public parks... The land to be so acquired and held may be within the corporate limits of the city... or conveniently adjacent thereto; and in either case it shall be subject to the jurisdiction of the municipality acquiring it and the laws, ordinances, rules and regulations thereof."

As the Del Monte Properties Company deeded these lands to the city for public park purposes, it is

obvious that the council could, and still can, control their use by the passage of appropriate ordinances.

At no time while I was city attorney did the council request me to formulate any such ordinance.

No lands inside the city limits, dedicated to park or playground purposes, are subject to taxation, and no improvement of any character whatever on city lands, either in or outside the city, constructed by any municipal corporation shall be subject to taxation. (sec. 1 Article 13 Const. California.)

Consequently, in the case of the Carmel tennis courts, nothing but the bare real estate is subject to taxation in any degree, or to any extent.

The real estate must be taxed, however, in proportion to its actual market value under our laws. As the deed to the tennis court lands restricts their use to public park purposes only—they cannot be employed, leased, sold, or otherwise disposed of, for any other purpose—and, therefore, are of value for this single use, and no other. They have no commercial value whatever.

It follows, that there can be no tax levied upon the improvements constructed by the city on these lands, and that the tax on the bare real estate should be a nominal one.

The Board of Supervisors is vested with the authority to reduce the tax on the real estate, and the Council is empowered to authorize the filing of an application for this purpose.

In the event that the Board of Supervisors fails to act favorably upon such an application, the tennis court lands may be annexed to the city through the council instituting the prescribed proceedings, or annexation proceedings may be commenced without filing the application, mentioned above, should the council determine this to be the wisest course to pursue.

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"Make Believe" Cast Selected

First rehearsals for the Carmel Players' premiere production, A. A. Milne's "Make Believe," have already started and Carmel playgoers and a lot of others who aren't usually playgoers are putting aside their 50-cent pieces for tickets. The play will be given on the nights of December 23 and 25 and the afternoon of December 24 (just in case you have your tree celebration on Christmas Eve) at the Filmarte Theater.

The cast for "Make Believe," selected Tuesday, includes: Shim-Kyster, Oliver Bassett, Virginia Brady, Elise Beaton, Beverly Leidig, Carol Canoles, Laura Lee Koepp, John Elizalde, Tony Van Riper, Emil Passailaigue, Mary Jean Elliott, Howard Levinson, Janet Parkes, Juanita Baca, Ted Leidig, Robert McMenamin, John Eaton, Charlotte Townsend, Eugene Watson, Suzanne Watson, Scott Douglass, Myrtle Stoddard, Byington Ford, David Lindsley, John Campbell, Noel Sullivan, Milt Latham, Mollie Darling, Don Rikert, Robert Estep, Frank Work, Peggy Clough, Charles Van Riper, Mitzi Eaton, John Good, James Rikert, Arthur Jones, Mary Jane Hawley, Bill Irwin, Robert Meltzer, Frances Parke and Jacqueline Clark.

Fenton Foster is in charge of the music; Ruth Austin and Miriam Watson in charge of dancing; Borghild Janson, singing; Franklin Dixon, sets; Colonel C. G. Lawrence, construction; Kay Knudsen, lights; Mollie Darling, stage manager, Eleanor Irwin, costumes, and Eugene Watson, general manager for the production.

Runaway Truck Wrecks Gas Station

A group of us were viewing the havoc wrought at the Union Oil service station at Sixth and San Carlos by a runaway A.D.H. company truck which backed down the street and jumped the curbing on Monday morning shortly before noon.

Someone in the crowd asked if Cree Wilder, local manager for A.D.H., had yet heard of the accident. The answer was that he had not.

"Aw, then don't tell him before Christmas," someone suggested. "Why spoil his holidays?"

"It won't spoil 'em," answered the station attendant. "You don't know Wilder."

A few minutes later Wilder ambled up from the direction of Ocean avenue. Someone had informed him of the devastation his truck had accomplished. He eyed the two wrecked gasoline pumps and then surveyed the intact, lonely third the truck had missed.

"I'll fire the driver who parked that truck," he said. "How come he didn't get all of 'em?"

But the situation was serious, despite Wilder's characteristic equanimity. The big truck, parked in front of A.D.H., almost a block away, had suddenly decided to go some place else. It backed and swung out into the middle of the street, then cut diagonally across, aiming at the gas station. Its aim was good. It missed a pine tree at the curb and hit the center gasoline pump amidships. That went down and 12 gallons of gasoline went down and out with it. The third pump, one of these expensive price-computing things, half-way surrendered and had its internals smashed completely.

As near as could be estimated, it looked like about \$500 in damage, not counting a claim the service station might make for business lost for the rest of the day. Wilder says he has liability insurance on the truck.

+ + +

Another Keno Party Dec. 15

The second Keno party at the Mission Ranch Club will be Wednesday, December 15, at 8 o'clock. Turkeys, ducks, vegetables, spinach (?), nuts, candy and so on and so on will dangle before your eyes as prizes and get you so breathless that you won't be able to shout "Keno" at the right moment and will have to resort to standing on your head.

North and South winners at the duplicate bridge tournament at the Club this week were Mr. A. B. Spencer and Mrs. Myrtle MacLean with Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Robley coming in second. For East and West the winners were Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Harris of the High-

lands and second, John Thompson and Tom Neikirk.

David Eldridge, manager at the Club, reports that plans are going forward rapidly for the Children's Christmas party to be held Wednesday, December 22, from 3 to 5 o'clock. Mrs. Betty Carr and Mrs. Jack Jordan are making arrangements for the affair which will be for children of members only. Pres-

ents, refreshments and entertainment as well as a Santa will be on deck for the small fry.

+ + +

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Heating • Plumbing
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San Carlos and Fifth • Tel. 270

"For Those Who Care"

DR. WM. H. HAMMOND
Veterinary

Castroville Road, Monterey
Telephone 8324

MAY WE SUGGEST

for

Christmas Gifts

Guaranteed Singing Canaries
Puppies of Various Breeds
Balanced Aquariums
and Many Kinds
of Gifts for
Pets

The Pet Shop

480 Alvarado Street
Telephone Mont. 4681

Mrs. Sears Has A Few Remarks To Make About Curtis Report

(Continued from Page One)

1, 1937, the society actually had on January 9, 1937, seven days later, a list of unpaid bills totalling \$260.86. Collection of license fees a few weeks later wiped most of these out, however, and on February 6, 1937, there was a balance in the treasury of \$1.12.

Now, Mrs. Sears points out, if there actually had been a cash balance of \$260.86 on January 1, and, as the published statement shows, a cash balance of \$36.74 on November 30 last, what about \$630.77 listed as "unpaid bills" as of November 30? This is more than twice the "unpaid bills" total of January 9, 1937.

Also, asks Mrs. Sears, what about the \$4,000 Guy Curtis volunteered to raise and said it would cost \$200 to do it? Are some of the donations listed in the report part of this \$4,000? And if so, where is noted the cost of raising it? Perhaps, offers Mrs. Sears, Curtis took nothing for his part in raising this money. But the report should note this in view of the fact that he was authorized by the board of directors to deduct the cost from the total collections.

Then Mrs. Sears' finger runs down to the item: "Rent of Marina Shelter, \$185."

Her minutes of the special meeting of the board of directors on June 15, 1937, note that on motion of Guy Curtis, seconded by W. E. Duclux, it was unanimously voted that the owner of the Marina Shelter property should be paid a monthly rental of \$17, beginning on June 15, and payment to be made at the end of each month.

At \$17 a month, beginning June 15, and ending November 30, which is the financial report date ending, the total could not be more than \$93.50. We multiplied \$17 by 5½ months and that's what we get, too.

Mrs. Sears suggests that the "Carmel member" of the Humane Society's board of directors who said she had better be careful about her implied charges of financial irregularity, look into that item. It may be all right, but what is the explanation of it, she asks.

Her minutes also show that if the "Carmel member" is who she thinks he is, he has attended only

three out of 14 regular and special meetings of the board of directors of the society since the re-organization meeting and election on January 9, 1937, and up to and including the special meeting on October 16, 1937.

Bringing up at the tail of the financial report, as submitted by Curtis, Mrs. Sears asks how many unpaid bills are not listed under "unpaid bills" in the report. She knows of one that isn't, and it is possible there are more. She declares that Bernard Rowntree has a bill for \$60 for secretarial services rendered the society which, although accepted as justified by the board of directors, has never been paid and is not listed in Curtis' "unpaid bills" department of his report.

Mrs. Sears believes that one of the main purposes of the Humane Society, a principle on which all humane societies are founded, has been ignored completely by the peninsula organization as controlled and operated by Curtis. This is the teaching of humane treatment of dumb animals in schools and elsewhere. She has emphasized this often at meetings and her appeals have been turned aside in what she calls the "mad scramble for funds." In a communication to THE CYMBAL this week she says:

"Thank you for the space and attention you gave to the uncovering of disagreements within the board of directors of the Monterey County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

"If you will refer to my first open statement you will see that my complaint was not confined to financial reports. I said that the real concern of the Society was completely overshadowed by constant flashing before the bewildered gaze of the directors the promises of how much money we would get. And now, having driven them to a defensive statement, all we get is the dollar sign, again flashed before our eyes. Does Mr. Curtis continue to believe that all he has to do is to present a statement of funds to clear up everything? It would, of course, be difficult for an outsider to know whether there was anything wrong or not, just by reading a balanced accounting. Who knows what is included and what omitted?"

On Monday of this week, Mrs. Sears, puzzled about the item in Curtis' financial report under "Permanent Investments" and reading: "Payments on Equipment, \$727.36" asked F. E. Wood, treasurer, if this

was for the animal ambulance. He said that it was. Mrs. Sears asked if she could see the itemized statement. Wood informed her that although he was the treasurer and Mrs. Sears a member of the board of directors he had received instructions not to give her any information unless specifically authorized to do so by Curtis or B. J. Pardee, president of the society.

In view of Mr. Curtis' claim that there is nothing to hide in the society's financial affairs this attitude is not only short-sighted but plainly stupid.

Aren't you tired of the same old things?

BUSSEY'S FURNITURE EXCHANGE

New, Used and Unfinished Furniture

Liberal Trade Allowance

518 Lighthouse • Tel. Mty. 3233

7th and Lincoln • Phone 800

CARMEL

Hotel La Ribera

"Home of Hospitality"

European Plan • Rates from \$3

Here's an Adventure!

JAPANESE EATS!

You Will Find Sukiyaki Delicious

AZUMA-TEI Japanese Restaurant
436 Adams Street • Monterey, Cal.

.... in a lovely Japanese garden

Village 5 and 10

congratulates

The Cymbal

on its
Birthday
Anniversary

"The Star Wagon," latest Maxwell Anderson play, will be read by Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox tomorrow night at the Filmarte as their third presentation of the winter series of play readings.

The story is beautifully fantastic and yet as eminently practical as the principal character's mechanism itself, which "runs along on a thread of time, like a cash basket on a wire."

Sign Lettering

SHO-CARDS
POSTERS

Dick Carter

Telephone
Carmel 1404-J

REASONABLE RATES

IT DOESN'T HAVE TO BE

Christmas

TO GIVE YOUR SHOES A FINE JOB OF REPAIRING AT

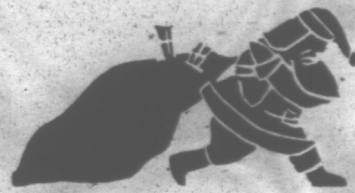
The Village Shoe Repair Shop

Strictly Prime Leather Always Used

C. W. Wentworth, San Carlos South of Ocean

In and Out... of

CARMEL SHOPS & ROUND ABOUT



ADORABLE CLASSIC OR GORGEOUS—Take your pick. Those evening gowns at Anna Katz' are the kind that would make any woman go a month without lunch to have. My pet one is the American beauty moire of the tailored type and giving the pencil silhouette. It's positively luscious. Then there's the one with long sleeves, of royal blue, with the long sash of fuchsia, very dignified yet dashing. Hint—Make your wife happy for Christmas.

OVER THE HILL—but not far away, at Freeman's in the Monterey Hotel, 406 Alvarado, there is the chance to have individual Christmas cards made from one's own negative for ten cents apiece. Remember that cunning snap of the baby you took on the beach. How those cousins and aunts would love it! Mr. Freeman would like to tell anyone interested in night photography, all about how and when—and possibly, how much.

ON A DONKEY'S BACK—from a little settlement in Mexico come those brilliantly-colored trays shown at THE MEXICAN IDOL at 226 Main St., Monterey, adjoining the Memory Garden. Everything in this unusual shop is made by hand, from the serapes and baskets to the jewelry. You'll not find the souvenir type of thing here, but the really rare and interesting creations of artists, and at reasonable prices.

TAKE A TRIP TO THE CITY—but come back to Carmel to select your very special gifts for those who appreciate the beautiful and uncommon, at Parsons' Antique Shop on Lincoln. So many small pieces of silver, glass or china are there, and you can't pay very much if you try. Among the unusual, I saw some Lustres from England with many brilliant prisms attached, and when they caught the sun there were little dancing rainbows all over the room. Trays are so much used these days. Parsons' have three sizes in decorated papier-mache of English origin and one very lovely Sheraton of mahogany inlaid with other woods. Did you ever think that some of these trays can be made into fine coffee tables? Never has this Antique Shop seemed to have such a nice selection of small gifts.

IF YOU DIDN'T—budge an inch from OLIVER'S, across from the

Old Customs House in Monterey, you could find appropriate gifts for all your friends. There are literally hundreds of smart and interesting things from which to choose, from 25c up. They are featuring the hand made "Wood-n-Copper" novelties this year and then there are Redwood burl bookends, parquetry bowls, sandwich plates, etc., that are inexpensive—not to mention the cactus, potted or not, as you prefer. I could write a column and forget something so you had better look for yourself.

A FASHION SHOW always appeals to us "fair sex." There's one at Jean Ritchie's Yarn Shop for the next few days. It's the kind of a show that makes you want to get busy and knit, as these models are all knitted or crocheted and are very new and attractive. We might remind you that there are still many good looking clips, pins and buckles to be had. Angora yarn for a sweater makes a fine Christmas gift.

FROM DRAPES TO DRESSES—seems a far cry, but since the latest vogue is to have your evening gown or wrap made of wool, the really clever thing to do is to buy a length of upholstery wool or even satin, or one of the lovely ribbed silks or brocades that Macbeth's is now showing. They are 54 inches wide, and think what a small amount would be required to fashion a stunning wrap for the Holiday festivities. I think we have something there, girls.

WE REITERATE—that at the Carmel Art and Gift Shop, next to the theatre, you will find the loveliest Christmas cards that are hand-colored and especially good for sending East. Any home would be gayer with the addition of one of Mrs. Edwards' brilliant poinsettias or a pot of chrysanthemums to lend color to the Christmas dinner table. These are reproductions you know have the advantage of lasting as long as you want them. How about a bank to stimulate your child's saving habit? Another idea—there are cut-out shadow plaques of wrought iron for a gift that is different.

GLAD TIDINGS—for Christmas givers. The Carmel Studio Pottery on Mission above Sixth has made up some unique candlesticks which hold large Mexican candles made of beeswax that will burn for weeks. Especially appropriate for placing in your window or outside your door for Christmas. They come in several interesting designs, made to hold single or several candles.

—M. R. S.

The Largest STOCK OF DESIRABLE RE-CONDITIONED CARS ON THE PENINSULA

3 Buicks

1929 to 1937
Coupes and Sedan

3 Fords

1932 to 1937
Coupes and Touring Sedan

1935 Oldsmobile

4 Door Sedan
Just overhauled—Like new

5 Chevrolets

1931 to 1937
Coupe, Sedan, and Panel

2 Dodges

1936 to 1937
Coupe and Touring Sedan

4 Plymouths

1934 to 1937
Coupes and Sedan

1936 Studebaker

Regal Coupe—Low Mileage
Red Leather Upholstery

All Cars

Were Locally Owned

We are glad to have you check
with former owners

We Meet All Competitive Prices

Peninsula Automobile Co.
Incorporated

Buick Sales and Service

1291 Fremont Street • Near Entrance to Del Monte • Telephone Monterey 3412

Sunset School Pupils To Present The Nativity Thursday Night

(Continued from Page One)

cantata to a brilliant and joyful close.

The members of the cast are as follows:

NARRATOR Oliver Bassett

SHEPHERDS

Vincent Torras Gail Frates

John Osgood Emil Passailaigue

Baird Bardarson

SHEPHERDESSES

Cornelia Ricketts

Charlotte Dawson

Nancy Lee Watson

SMALL ANGELS

Joanne Nielsen Paul Artellan

Dionicia Narvaez Patricia Timbers

Kitsy McLaren Gloria McLaren

Dionicio Narvaez Joan Carr

Elizabeth Klein Sheila Whitaker

MARY Suzanne Watson

JOSEPH Howard Levinson

THREE KINGS

Dick Rohr Louis Machado

Mast Wolfson

CANTATA CHORUS

Elise Beaton Carol Canoles

Dorothy DeAmaral Inez Machado

Maeva Greenan Katie Miranda

Leona Ramsey Helen Wetzel

Marilyn Strasburger

Virginia Grogan Dorothy Nixon

Jane Elizabeth Clark

Cecilia Noller Pauline Robinson

Charlotte Townsend Laurel Bixler

Margot Coffin Beverly Douglas

Ellen Pearl McGrury

Eleanor Johnston June Petty

Patty Ann Ryland

ANGEL CHORUS

Noreen Kelsey Vivian Ohm

Barbara Bodley Mona Sage

Juanita Baca LaVerne DeAmaral

Eileen McEldowney Joan Newman

Avelline Quinn Martina Tait

Margaret Wishart Rose Gossler

Ruth Smith Barbara McReynolds

Phyllis Jones Joyce Waite

Doris Evans Patricia Tarrant

Carol Chester Beverly Leidig

Virginia Buscy Wilen Jones

Kathleen McAulay Betty Smith

Esther Van Niel Elinor Smith

Elizabeth Stanley Cornelia Bell
Mary Ada Torras Lillis Harris
Henrietta Erickson Phyllis Reese
Virginia McLean Dorothy Ottmar
Frances Walters Kathryn Anthony
Jewel Moody Marie Stever
Marian Marshall Emilie Noller
Helen Hale Clara Joy Hitchcock
Yvonne Welsh Ivanette Heinrich
Meta Gossler Dorris Westcott
Edith Cox Frances Passailaigue
Zada Martin Adrienne Applegarth
Ruth Funchess Maxine Chappell
Sonja Koehler Irene Erickson
Joy Melrose Flora Lee Koepf
Nancy Street Helen Wolter
Cynthia Klein Barbara Bolin
Ruth Burrows Peggy Garguilo
Patty Morrison Margery Street
Lila Whitaker Marian Wermuth
Mary Fleming Laura Lee Koepf
Patsy Morell Dorothy Black
Adaline Guth Martha Rico
Jean Staniford Ann Pierce

+ + +

Californian Is "Bought" By Pine Cone

The Californian which has surprised a limited amount of the populace by appearing regularly on Wednesday mornings over a period of dubious stability during the past year has ceased to exist as a newspaper. An item in the Peninsula Herald this week informed the public that the Pine Cone had "bought" it. More authentic reports are that Palmer T. Beaudette, who owned it, paid the Pine Cone \$700 to take over and fulfil its subscription list.

This subscription list, more than two-thirds of which is outside the Carmel district, and half of that two-thirds in Bakersfield, was obtained, almost in its entirety four months ago through a contest offering a chance on an automobile.

The Californian was the new name given to the Carmel Sun by a man named Bunch who sold it to Beaudette a year ago, representing to the new owner that it had a paid subscription list of 900. Beaudette, on subsequent investigation (we could never understand why subsequent) discovered that actually it had less than 100 paid subscribers.

It had less than 100 bonafide paid subscribers when it passed out of existence last week. The automobile contest subscriptions, paid

for by persons who didn't want The Californian any more than a dog wants two tails, but who donated their dollars to try to help somebody get an automobile, are just about as valuable as a tin watch a guy with a blackjack suddenly finds himself possessed of. Now, in a few instances, because the Pine Cone finds most of the local subscriptions duplicated on its books, the victims of the automobile contest will get something else again.

Mrs. F. W. Clampett drove to San Francisco Wednesday morning with daughter, Connie Bell, to take the train to New York. (Connie is back in Carmel, just in case you get any wild ideas.) Mrs. Clampett will visit with her sister, Mrs. Louise Dexter, in New York and plans to return to Carmel some time in January.

The Paul Winslows leave today for a three months' stay in the Hawaiian Islands.



Outing Clothes

are ideal gifts

for the Sportsman

Clever Wool Shirts in Plaids and
Gun Checks \$5.95 to \$6.50
Norwegian Ski Mitts \$3.50
Corduroy Havelock Caps \$1.50
(with fur inbands)
English Wool Gloves \$1.50
Heavy Hosiery in Brilliant Col-
orings 50c to \$3.00
Water Repellant Jackets \$8.50
A Fine Assortment of Gay
Mufflers \$1.50 to \$8.50

Imelman's Sportwear Shop

El Fumador for Magazine Subscriptions

"A Gift for All the Year"



Featuring All Kinds of
High Grade Cigars

ALL TYPES OF TOBACCOS IN
CHRISTMAS WRAPPINGS

Guns and Ammunition

Dolores near Seventh



The Quality Market

Headquarters for

Silver Tip and Other
Christmas Trees

+

We Offer Our Best Wishes
To The Cymbal
On Its Birthday
Anniversary

Ocean and San Carlos
Telephone 1300

Best Wishes To

The Cymbal

On Its

Birthday Anniversary

Carmel Dairy
Inc.

MATERIAL ADVANCE OF CYMBAL OVER PAST YEAR IS SHOWN

We, THE CARMEL CYMBAL, celebrating this week our first birthday anniversary, testify as follows, both as to fact and conclusions of the witness:

First, that we are inordinately proud of ourselves, and

Second, that we have a most legitimate and justifiable right to be.

Because, not only have we already set a record for newspapers, both extinct and extant in Carmel, but the blood in our veins has acquired that percentage of red corpuscles which promises us a long and happy life.

In this sort of résumé of the year we do not intend to cite instances of our journalistic accomplishments as they have affected the life and welfare of our community. We shall refrain from doing this because of that strain of human kindness that flows so vigorously through our veins. We shall refrain because to bring up and put into type the facts of our victories over friend and foe in the interests of community welfare would mean opening old sores and hurting certain people of more or less importance. And, too, whatever good we have accomplished remains, we hope and trust, in the minds, perhaps even, in some instances, in the hearts of those for whom we were able to accomplish it. If the good we have done is to be interred with our bones it must stay above ground for much of the future as we surely have no present indication or inclination of discarding our flesh.

But we would like to dwell a bit on what materially happens to a newspaper the like of which is THE CYMBAL. We would like to take you by the hand and lead you to our books and have you therein look as we guide your eyes with the index finger of our right hand.

Look At Our Books

First, let's glance at our subscription record. Let us interpret for you the figures you see there, interpret them frankly and honestly.

On December 4, 1936, on which was published the first issue of this re-born CYMBAL, we had 260 paid subscribers. Six days after that issue appeared we discovered that in addition to the paid-up subscribers there were 90 persons who bought and paid for copies of the paper. That made our first week's paid circulation 350.

Now, as to those original paid-up subscribers. They were obtained this way:

You remember that we made an abortive attempt to revive THE CYMBAL in the spring of 1935. We obtained at that time about 200 subscribers to it. But things being what they were, by the time we decided the attempt was a wash-out, and killed it in July of that year, we had only 80 paid subscribers with some months of CYMBAL coming to them.

So, on the re-birth last December, we gave these 80 subscribers subscriptions to the new CYMBAL, to extend for six months, or last June.

To this total our ubiquitous editor added 180 more by collaring everybody he met and offering him a six months' subscription to the new CYMBAL for 25 cents.

So we started out with a net paid circulation of 350 in December last year. Now look at the record from then on, the 25-cent subscription offer ending on February 1:

Average for	Net Paid
March	566
April	609
May	647
June	677

July	809
August	760
September	717
October	730
November	732

Reasons for Drop

Now, you notice the increase in July and August and the sudden drop in September. Newstand and street sales are responsible for that. Carmel's population almost doubles in July and August and the sales of local newspapers go up accordingly. To show THE CYMBAL's normal growth (abnormal in any other newspaper) you must skip from the figure 677 in June to 732 in November. And, as for the September and October figures you must remember that in those two months commercial life is at its lowest ebb in Carmel.

But while the grand total of net paid circulation dropped in those two months, there has never been a month in the existence of the new CYMBAL that the net paid subscription list has not shown a decided gain. For instance, it has increased like this in the Carmel district, in which we include Carmel, Carmel Highlands and Pebble Beach:

March	284
April	291
May	304
June	314
July	327
August	334
September	344
October	356
November	367

Remember, these are net paid subscriptions and no matter what anybody tells you they are tops in Carmel, not only now, but for any newspaper at any time in the past in Carmel. In other words, never until the existence of THE CYMBAL has any Carmel newspaper ever had a net paid subscription circulation in Carmel anywhere near approaching this figure.

Also (and this is why we used that word 'abnormal' up above in referring to a similar growth by any other newspaper) not one offer of a premium has been made by THE CYMBAL.

Not one sample copy has been sent out by THE CYMBAL to a prospective subscriber since April 1. See Our Advertising Growth

Now look what our advertising has done. It has grown from an average of 17 1/2 inches a week in February to an average of 26 1/2 inches in November. Only in one month was this November average topped and that was in July when our advertising was not normal because of the Bach Festival edition.

And not one solitary inch of CYMBAL advertising is trade advertising with the exception of that of The Carmel Investment Company which is paid for by our use of their office on Ocean avenue as a place where subscriptions may be left for THE CYMBAL.

And not one inch of this advertising is sold at lower than our card rates, except eight small accounts which we call our "charter advertisers" and whose ads stand the same from week to week.

No advertiser pays a rate of less than 36 cents an inch for space less than half a page in size, with the exception of these eight who pay 30 cents an inch for their standing ads, and no volume of less than 21 inches a month gets a rate lower than 40 cents an inch.

Newspapers will tell you that it is unethical to print your advertising rates. They don't mean "unethical"; they mean "too honest." It prevents special privileges to some advertisers, and it prevents soaking

others. THE CYMBAL advertising is on a straight business basis. We believe it is good advertising. We know that it is growing. That, in itself, is the best indication of its value. Bulk of advertising in a newspaper is not so important as growing bulk. If today's normal quantity exceeds the normal quantity a year ago you know that newspaper is a valuable advertising medium.

So, on this first anniversary of our re-birth we point with pride to the growth of THE CYMBAL, unprecedented growth and, which is much more to the point, a growth that assures our established place in Carmel's business life.

+ + +

GIRL SCOUTS COUNCIL HAS MEETING HERE

Monterey Peninsula Council of Girl Scouts met Tuesday in the Carmel Girl Scout house and discussed scout affairs. A letter was read from Mrs. Frederick Brooke, of Washington, D.C., national president of Girl Scouts. The need for leaders for several peninsula troops was stressed.

The Carmel District Council met Monday afternoon. The members were introduced to Mrs. Millard Klein who is the new chairman for badges and awards.

CLASSIFIED ADS

RATE: Ten cents a line for one insertion. Eight cents a line per insertion for two insertions. Thirty cents a line per month, with no change in copy. Minimum charge per ad, twenty cents. Count six four-letter words per line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

BUILD A NEW HOME—You select your own plan and arrange for the builder. Select any unsold site in the Mission Tract. We will arrange for financing the entire cost of lot and house. Initial payment 20 per cent of total cost, balance monthly. For further information see Carmel Realty Company, Las Tiendas Building on Ocean Avenue. (19)

CARMEL POINT—One of the few fine parcels of six lots left intact—the Dr. Lane property—unobstructed Valley View—faces both Carmelo & Rio Ave.—Comfortable house on 2 lots leaving balance of property for development. Priced for immediate sale. See Carmel Realty Company or Thoburns, Ocean Avenue. (21)

APARTMENTS FOR RENT

STUDIO APARTMENT in Carmel Highlands available. Ocean and mountain view. P. O. Box 1882, Carmel, or Tel. Carmel 2R2 (26)

FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

JOBS WANTED

EXPERIENCED CHAUFFEUR, courteous, well-informed, wants a regular job on the Peninsula, or is available for special trips or tours. Address Box L-17, Cymbal Office, Carmel, or telephone Carmel 15. (tf)

THE CYMBAL'S CLASSIFIED ADS are positively vital little things.

Miscellaneous FOR SALE

BOY'S BICYCLE. Good condition, \$10. Dresser, \$3.50. Tables, \$2.50. Davenport table, \$8. Antique card table, \$38. Reductions on old silver. Grace Ballam's Antique Shop, Dolores near Ocean.

HOMEMADE fudge and panocha, cookies, cakes and plum puddings. Jane's Cake Shop and English Tea Room. Dolores opposite Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank.

FOR SALE—Two new sets of books. One set for children, ages 1 to 14, and Harvard Classics. Box 944, Carmel. (24)

OWNER HAS '35 Chevrolet Town sedan in good condition. Gone only 6000 miles. Will consider good light '30 model coupe for part of my equity. No dealers. Phone Carmel 18. (23)

FOR SALE—Used grand piano in very good condition. Price, \$290. Post office box 1856.

MASSAGE

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W.

EUROPEAN MASSAGE. Packs for colds. IDA HANKE. Telephone, Carmel 832. (tf)

DEL MONTE MASSAGE parlor. Reducing treatments. Swedish massage. Bob Bissel. Del Monte Hotel. (26)

New Home

We
Congratulate
The
Cymbal
On
Its
Birthday
Anniversary

In a fine location . . . well built.
2 bedrooms, 2 baths. Lot 60 x 100
Price is less than duplication cost
today. Shown by appointment only

Homesites

Mission Tract. 60 x 100 \$1550.00
and underground wiring is included!

CARMEL REALTY COMPANY

Byington Ford
Ocean Avenue • Telephone 66

How about your house?

IS IT SPRUCED UP FOR
HOLIDAY GUESTS?

We do wonders with—

Curtains, Rugs, Drapes, Pillows

—you'd be surprised

Carmel Cleaners

Dolores Street, Telephone 242

[Bassett: You're not so hot, but your newspaper's a honey. We salute its birthday. Ken and Amy]

Leon Narvaez Succumbs to Pneumonia

Fatal illness descended suddenly on Leon P. Narvaez. He was up and about, presumably in good health, last Saturday. Sunday he went to bed with a touch of flu. Monday his temperature had risen to the point of pneumonia and he was rushed to the Peninsula Hospital in the Red Cross ambulance on orders of Dr. Marshall L. Carter. On Tuesday evening at 6 o'clock he died.

Narvaez, who lived on San Carlos a few doors south of THE CYMBAL office, was a familiar figure to us who work here. He always had a pleasant greeting and to the editor of THE CYMBAL his nod meant something more than an ordinary greeting. He and I were horseshoe pitching buddies some twelve years ago. With Dr. J. E. Beck and D. E. Nixon we used to toss at the pegs, first on a vacant lot where now stands the Village Five & Ten, and later on another vacant lot which was then next to Dr. Beck's present home on San Carlos. It was Narvaez who helped our Carmel team wallop the youngsters and the oldsters who came over the hill from Pacific Grove with pennant winning horseshoes dreams which we dissipated before an admiring crowd on the Ocean avenue lot.

Narvaez had what Nixon always called a "funny holt" on his shoe as he threw it. He curved his finger around the very front of the thing and threw it so that it did three or four back flops before it reached the peg. And you'd be surprised how often it went on the peg, too.

Narvaez was 76 years old and was descended from Sergeant Ortega, Spanish soldier who accompanied Gaspar de Portola in his exploring of California in 1602. He was a native of San Jose and came to Carmel about 30 years ago.

Surviving him are his wife, Louisa, who has been an invalid for many years; a son, Louis, in Carmel, and two daughters, Mrs. Thomas Brosman of Carmel, and Mrs. Amos Dana of Arroyo Grande. A second son, Leon, Jr., died in Carmel something over a year ago.

Following services at the Freeman Rancadore mortuary chapel in Monterey at 8:30 o'clock this (Friday) morning, a high requiem mass will be celebrated at Carmel Mission at 9 o'clock. Burial will be in the Catholic cemetery in Monterey.

—W. K. B.

CITY IS DEEDED LAND FOR FLOOD DRAIN CULVERT

An open culvert, from San Antonio to the ocean, across the sand-dunes at the foot of Fourth, will be built by the city, according to a resolution passed at Wednesday night's meeting of the council. The cost to the city will not be in excess of \$400, the other half, or more, to be met by the Misses Jessica and Catherine Colvin.

The Misses Colvin sent a communication to the council offering to deed to the city a strip of their property eight feet wide for the culvert and agreed to pay one-half the cost of the said culvert. In fact, the letter from the owners, who recently acquired the MacKenzie property, asked that the city pay half the cost "or whatever you are willing to pay."

It was the consensus of the council that there is something about the Misses Colvin that sets them apart from the average private property owner.

Officers Are Honored By League

With the spirit of the holidays pervading the atmosphere, aided by candles and holly and a blazing yule log, the members of the Monterey County League of Women Voters and their friends were entertained by their Board of Directors at a Christmas membership tea at Pine Inn Tuesday afternoon. Honor guests at the occasion were three of the state officers of the League—Mrs. Carl Voss, state president, Mrs. Warner Clark, northern vice-president, and Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, executive vice-president. The three guests were introduced to the group by Miss Lydia Weld, president of the Monterey County section, and each of them said a few words.

With great enthusiasm Mrs. Warner Clark urged the gathering of women to get into the swim of learning about our government by doing something either in it or about it. Persistence, tact and a real desire to become a well-informed and intelligent voter are the things needed to make the women's vote a telling one on the ballots and not just "more of the same," according to this vital San Francisco member.

In introducing Mrs. Schoeninger to the assemblage, Miss Weld told about hearing a woman speaking over the radio on the "Man on the Street" program, who said that she didn't know why women were given a vote . . . she always had her husband make out her ballot for her. Mrs. Schoeninger countered with the statement that several men she knew, who had wives in the League of Women Voters, let their wives do the same thing. She emphasized the fact that the purpose of the League was to obtain unbiased information on matters of civic interest and that this sane, scientific attitude should enable its members to think clearly in all their problems, whether personal or civic.

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Library Board Charges City Has Gypped It Out of \$1,325.94

(Continued from Page One)

these and give the library its share is chargeable to the city treasurer over that period.

This does not mean that all money due the library from personal property taxes and delinquent tax payments had been wrongly diverted into the general fund. O, No! It means that through the ten years small collections here and there, sometimes occurring two or three times in a given period, and sometimes not at all over a long period, had been so diverted.

The totals are made up of very small sums, five centses, a dime now and then, here and there a quarter or two, but over ten years reaching the total of \$1,325.94. This total would make it appear that the library's mis-directed funds averaged about \$132.59 a year for the period.

It was understood at the council meeting Wednesday night that the \$4,000 Shaff boys discovered the errors. Mrs. Emma Otey wanted to know why they had not been discovered long before this. "Haven't our books been audited at all?" she asked. "Sketchily," replied Mayor Smith with a deprecating smile.

Anyway, that's the library board's story and it sticks to it. What's more, it wants the money. It so informed the council formally, by letter, Wednesday night. As stated by Clark, and reiterated by Mrs. Karl Rendtorff and James H. Cockburn, members of the board present at the meeting, "there is nothing personal" in the matter. They are making no charges against anyone. The treasurer's

books show they have been gypped and they want their money.

Councilman Joe Burge wants to dig into the matter further and it was on his motion that the request of the library board was laid over until the next meeting of the council.

Robert Ralph, whom Hal Bragg and the editor of THE CYMBAL remember in Oakland High School as "Toad" Ralph, and who has been living in Carmel for the past year or more, is getting married next month. Miss Martha Woodford of Monterey will become Mrs. Robert Ralph. Bob and his son by a former marriage, Bob, Jr., have a home at Thirteenth and San Antonio.

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